

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1896.

NO. 25.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:55 A. M. Daily.

7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).

8:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).

9:15 A. M. Daily.

10:04 A. M. Daily.

11:27 P. M. Daily.

12:25 P. M. Daily.

4:23 P. M. Daily.

7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.

SOUTH.

7:20 A. M. Daily.

8:49 A. M. Daily.

11:04 A. M. Daily.

12:25 P. M. Daily.

5:02 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).

6:02 P. M. Daily.

7:10 P. M. Daily.

12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco. First Car arrives from San Francisco at 9:20 a. m. and returns leaves Baden at 9:35 a. m. Last Car leaves Baden at 6:05 p. m.

ST. CAROLINE.

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco for wharf at Albatross, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 p. m.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

A. M. P. M.
From the North..... 9:00 3:00
" South..... 10:00 6:45

MAIL CLOSES.

No. 5. South..... 8:30 a. m.
No. 14. North..... 9:30 a. m.
No. 15. South..... 2:30 p. m.
No. 6. North..... 6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall. Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m., at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City

TREASURER

P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR

F. M. Granger..... Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

H. W. Walker..... Redwood City

ASSESSOR

C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER

J. F. Johnston..... Redwood City

SHERIFF

Wm. P. McEvoy..... Redwood City

AUDITOR

Geo. Barker..... Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City

SURVEYOR

W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

Wm. M. DeWolf and wife to W. H. Gregory, portions of block B, C and D, Menlo Park

Car. M. P. Coleman to Robert L. Colman, lots 38 and 40, Burlingame Park

Chas. E. Knapp and wife to Jas. D. Byrnes, to correct former deed.

Jas. T. Bowes and J. G. McCullough to Atherton Land and Improvement Company, lots 1 to 8, block 10, lots 1 to 8 block 106, Abbey Homestead.

John M. Wood and wife to Robert Wisnom, lot 9, block 18, San Mateo

E. F. Phillips to J. H. Hassett, 7 acres

Walter Powell and wife to Robert E. Neil, lots 10, 11 and 12, block 16, and west half of block 15, San Mateo

Robert E. Neil and wife to E. E. Byrnes, 1/2 block 19, San Mateo

Walter B. Cameron and wife to William F. Turnball and wife, lot 15, block 25, San Mateo

Wm. F. Turnball and wife to J. E. Casey, 1/2 block 14, Western Addition to San Mateo

Robert Wisnom and wife to J. E. Casey, block 14, Western Addition to San Mateo

John Phillips to John L. McEvoy, lots 37 and 38, block 16, \$75 lot Homestead

Sarah A. Phillips to Barbara Bellis, lot 1, block 111, Abbey Homestead

Barbara Bellis to Abbey Land and Improvement Co., lot 1, block 111, San Mateo

John B. Christian to J. B. Christian, lot 1, block 111, San Mateo

Wm. B. Christian to J. B. Christian, lots 2 and 3, block 103, Abbey Homestead

M. Whelan, executor, to John B. Fox, property of Martin Carroll, deceased

Cesario Masoero and wife to Francisco Cesario Masoero and wife to E. C. Palmer, lots 7, 8 and 9, block 15, Spanishtown

MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.

Antone Davis to Manuel Phillips, Dutra, 20 acres

Antone Davis to Jas. Rae, lots 27 to 30, Lake Creek Farm

Thomas L. Murray to Elizabeth L. O'Connor, 7 acres

1,500

A London cablegram says: A woman named Dyer and a man named Palmer were arraigned in the police court at Reading as a result of the discovery of the bodies of a number of infants in the Thames. Five of those found had been strangled with tapes. All the bodies had been weighted with bricks. The murder of babes is ascribed to baby farmers.

A dispatch from Rome says: The

Frankfurter Zeitung confirms the report that the Emperor of Germany, who had been rendered very anxious by Signor MacClosky's revelations regarding the state of the Italian army, inspected the guard of honor at the Venice railway station with most astonishing minuteness. The incident has provoked a great amount of comment.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED

A Budget of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curly Told in this Column.

O. J. Stough has discovered oil in his Linda Vista ranch, San Diego county.

Pasadena has taken advantage of the school census to make a complete census of that city.

Azusa has been shipping freight to Utah points this winter over the Southern Pacific via Covina.

Ground has been purchased and arrangements made for the erection of \$150,000 hotel in the western part of Pasadena.

In the municipal election at Riverside the anti-saloon candidates defeated the high license men by about one hundred plurality.

Rev. Joseph McKee, an elderly retired clergyman of Los Angeles, was run over by an electric car in that city and fatally injured.

Santa Barbara county lemon growers have formed an organization for the advancement of mutual interests and the protection of the industry.

Major W. A. Elderkin is authority for the statement that the Government annually spends \$100,000 in Los Angeles on provisions for the U. S. Army.

L. W. Kirby of Orange county has sent to the Los Angeles chamber of commerce a cluster of six oranges, each measuring fifteen inches in circumference.

Frank E. Booth has sued the Oakland Consolidated Railway Company for \$50,000 damages for the death of his two little girls, who were killed at Adeline street.

The property and franchises of the Victoria, B. C., Electric Railway and Lighting Company has been sold at auction. Barnard secured the property, bidding \$340,000.

It has been decided by the directors of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad to issue \$6,000,000 worth of bonds for the purpose of carrying on the enterprise.

Issues of bonds on the Pacific Coast projected are as follows: Bannock county, Idaho, \$125,000 in 6 per cents; Phoenix, Ariz., refunding bonds amounting to \$10,000.

All the expenses of the Amberst Eclipse Expedition are paid by A. C. James and his father. D. Willis James, of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., New York city.

The Eureka business men are agitating the question of organizing a company to secure a franchise from Trinity county and build the Hay Ford road to the Low Gap of Mad river.

The fourth fatal accident in Seattle within five days took place when William O'Brien, aged 9 years, was knocked down by a Union Trunk Line electric car and instantly killed.

The report of the Redlands postoffice for the fiscal year ended 31st of March, shows total receipts, \$11,304.67; money order business, \$2,331.58, registry business, 3,195 pieces handled.

Oral Pindexter a lad 12 years old was arrested at his home four miles north of Coburg and brought to Eugene, Ore., on a charge of attempting to kill the family of Mrs. Hiram Smith, a widow who lives on a farm adjoining that of the Pindexters.

The Supreme Court, in session at Los Angeles, handed down a decision in a case by which it holds that where growing crops are cut from the mortgaged land during the existence of the mortgage they are in no way liable to the mortgagee, but are personal property.

During the quarter ending March 31, 1896, the mortgages placed in Los Angeles banks by private individuals amounted to \$5,777,674. These numbered 1660. During the same period the releases amounted to \$1,527,057. The number of releases amounted to 138.

George D. and B. W. Ming, two brothers, were arrested and charged with the murder of Postmaster John Hayes of Puente. The fact of their arrest was kept secret until Sheriff Burr secured sufficient evidence to warrant a formal arraignment. A preliminary examination was had before Judge Young, who held the prisoners for murder without bail.

R. L. Maxwell, who was shot in the head and neck in Capay Valley by one of the Stevens boys, on April 7th, died in the County Hospital a week later. District Attorney Hopkins is in receipt of two letters which charge that the boys were induced by other parties to shoot the old man. The District Attorney will prosecute them for murder.

The Supreme Court has declared illegal an issue of \$396,000 in bonds by the City Council of Los Angeles. The issue of bonds was made in February 1895, for the purpose of refunding a municipal debt. It is now held that the bonds are void because of a provision making them payable in New York.

Governor Budd and State Secretary Brown have forwarded to Captain Lee of San Francisco the \$1,000 offered as a reward for the capture of Ivan Kovalev, the murderer of the Webers.

Governor McGraw has ordered out a portion of the State militia because of the rioting and threatened serious trouble between Washington and Oregon fishermen at Ilwaco on the Columbia river.

The Workmen of Tucson, Ariz., the two lodges combining, are preparing for the erection of a hall that will cost \$25,000. It is to be of brick, the upper story containing the lodge room and offices.

Mrs. Carty of Carson City, Nev., wired a San Diego undertaker to embalm the body of a suicide supposed to be her husband. The husband turns up and Mrs. Carty wants a \$500 deposit back, but the undertaker is cold to her appeals.

J. A. Clayton, president of the San Jose First National Bank, and a California pioneer is dead. He was thrown from his carriage two years ago and received injuries which made him a confirmed invalid.

Governor Budd has appointed James H. Wilkens a Prison Director, vice Robert T. Devlin, term expired. Mr. J. Wilkens was present in the office,

and his commission was handed to him by the Governor in person.

The Spring Valley Water Company has begun the erection of a business and office building on the site of the Wigwam, on the southeast corner of Stockton and Geary streets, San Francisco, which will cost \$300,000.

An unusually large gray eagle, which measured 7 feet from tip to tip of its wings, 8 inches between its eyes, 4 inches across the top of its head, and had a beak 4 inches long, was killed near Philomath, Ore., a few days ago.

Austin Stevenson started with a wagon load of nitro-glycerine from Northfield to Nansimo, B. C. The glycerine exploded and the driver's remains were brought to town in a basket. He was literally torn to atoms.

The steamer Willapa, which arrived from Alaska, brought news of a terrific explosion in the new tunnel between the Treadwell and Mexican mines, April 3. Four men were badly injured and one was so horribly mutilated that he died in agony.

The George Loomis was forced to cast 600 barrels of oil into the sea on her last trip North. She came near being swamped in a heavy sea on account of being overloaded. The Talbot did not lose any oil whatever on her trip.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has a unique exhibit from the Piru ranch in the shape of specimens of the Japonica or Kumquat orange, a diminutive variety of the fruit which looks like yellow tomatoes, and can be eaten, rind and all.

The Tenney Packing Company have made a proposition through the Chamber of Commerce to bring their entire plant and business to Fresno, in consideration of a sufficient bonus to pay actual expenses of removal which are estimated at about \$2500.

Chief Fair of the Oakland Fire Department, has invented an attachment to an ordinary hook and ladder truck that will save the expense of a water tower. A water tower costs \$8000 or more and Chief Fair can put his attachment upon a truck for \$200.

Oral Pindexter a lad 12 years old was arrested at his home four miles north of Coburg and brought to Eugene, Ore., on

State Chemist, California:

The Royal fulfills all the requirements. Our tests show it has greater leavening power than any other.

Watched Himself Die.

"Our village doctor, good man that he was," says a woman visiting in the city from an interior town, "has just died. He was very much absorbed in his profession and studied every case, from a run of typhoid fever down to an attack of measles, as if it were his first patient. When his own mortal illness prostrated him, he diagnosed it clearly, watched his symptoms and the effect of the remedies used, and warned the attending physician several days before his death of the hopelessness of his condition, as evidenced by certain feelings no one but a professional patient, with every sense alert, could have discovered. He was conscious up to the last, and as the end approached had himself bolstered among his pillows into a half sitting position. He kept the fingers of one hand on the pulse of the other, and though he said nothing, the expression of his face showed that he was interested professionally in watching himself die. As he drew his last breath the fluttering at his wrist must have indicated it, for he let his fingers drop, looked around the group gathered about him with an clear and intelligent expression as any that ever shone on his face, said aloud and distinctly, 'Dead now,' and was." —New York Times.

Chinese Quail in Maryland.

Frank T. Redwood is interested in the increase of wild fowl in this country, and has an idea that Chinese quail may be successfully introduced. A friend brought him six of these birds a year ago. They were liberated in Talbot County, and flew off in the woods as naturally as though in China. But that was the last ever seen of them. They have disappeared entirely, so far as Mr. Redwood or his friends have been able to discover. Mr. Redwood is still firm in his faith that this species of bird will flourish in America, and to this end has arranged to have twenty pair brought over from China and let loose in the woods of Maryland.

The Burglar's Bugbear.

A reformed burglar, who has no further use for the knowledge himself, says there are three things a night thief dreads. One is a baby, the second is a little whippet dog that can sleep with both eyes open and bark when a needle falls, and the third is a newspaper. Almost always the paper rattles or crackles when a foot touches it. Unless a burglar is so desperate that he will risk his own life, he will leave the moment he strikes a house strewn with newspapers.

From U.S. Journal of Medicine
Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on his disease, which he sends with a large book.

He of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

Fits Cured
From early childhood until I was grown my family spent a fortune trying to cure me of this disease. I visited Hot Springs and was treated by the best medical men, but was not benefited. When all things had failed I determined to try S.S.S. and in four months the terrible fits were entirely cured. The terrible fits were gone, not a sign of it left. My general health built up, and I have never had any return of the disease. I have often recommended S.S.S. and have never known a failure to cure. GEO. W. IRWIN, Irwin, Pa. Never fails to cure, even when all other remedies have failed. Send for free book and skin disease mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Aftertaste—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart due to Heart trouble—Canker Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhea?

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Hicks's Dyspepsia Tablets,
by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents.

CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have relieved me."

ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

WHITE WASHING TREE SPRAYING MACHINES, from \$5 to \$50. Agents wanted for New Line of Telephones. Catalogue, 7 Spear St., San Francisco.

S. F. N. U. No. 723. New Series No. 18.

LATEST CONSUMPTION CURE.

Edson Seems to Have Solved the Important Question

If the Edson consumption cure realizes what is expected of it then that New York scientist will save more lives in the next year than were lost during the four years of the war of the rebellion. In the entire United States the total deaths from the various forms of tuberculosis amounted to 289,000 in 1895. In the entire world it is probable that somewhere in the neighbor-



ADMINISTERING THE CURE.

hood of 2,500,000 died from the disease in the same year. Edson's remedy is the only one whose results have been practically successful. Edson, by flushing the entire system with a solution of carbolic acid, is the first to actually kill consumption germs. It should be explained, however, that even Edson must ever remain hopeless before many cases of the disease in an advanced stage.

Dr. Edson's laboratory on Whitehall street, New York City, where for months he has been secretly working at his experiments, is a queer place, full of strange glass instruments and mysteries. On the wall of the laboratories above a "gang" of great, glass flasks, heated by flaring gas, boil bubblingly and drip their evaporation through slender tubes into sinuous glass "worms" below, through which the product is distilled into still other flasks. The fluid begins yellow and dingy, but the drops which fall slowly into the bottom flasks are clear and sparkling as the Koh-i-noor. A long table near by is covered with a cluster of retorts and testing tubes, picturesque enough for the days of alchemy. It is with them that Dr. Edson and Chemist Balch first prepare the ingredients which they afterward set to killing the microbes of consumption. About fifty ounces of the finished fluid can at present be produced daily in this strange place on Whitehall street. Dr. Edson hopes that the capacity of the laboratory may be increased before long.

"The injection," Dr. Edson states, "is given with a hypodermic syringe under the skin of the abdomen generally, but it may be administered almost anywhere. So long as the needle reaches Michigan's Musical Wonder.

At Wimer's Opera House in Coloma, Mich., the other night, Miss Alice McClung, the 7-year-old prodigy, made her first appearance on any stage. Miss Alice has written a large number of exquisite waltzes, lullabies, melodies, etc., and has set Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue" to music. One of her tests was for any one to strike one to four keys on the instrument and she said she would name the keynote of each. This feat she performed successfully several times with her back to the piano. Musical people are enthusiastic over her wonderful powers and predict great things.



SPRAYING THE THROAT.

subcutaneous of droleo tissue not in the neighborhood of large blood vessels, it is not important where it is placed. Of course, the object of injection is to have the fluid absorbed by the blood, but the best results seem to come when the absorption is comparatively slow."

"Oh, did I?" asked Mr. Wickwire. "Yes, you did. And now I have to nag at you for three days to get you to lay a carpet." —Washington Star.

Productive Tax.
New Jersey has had a collateral inheritance tax a little more than three years, but its State treasury has been enriched to the amount of \$363,086.58 by the tax during the time.

How an equal suffragist despises a woman who forgives a mean husband!

FOR A WORLD CENSUS

SCHEME TO HAVE ALL CIVILIZED NATIONS TAKE IT SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Fourteen Nations Have Decided to Take One Within a Few Months of Each Other—All May Be Asked to Name the Same Date—Other Information Desired.

A movement is on foot to have a universal census taken at the beginning of the next century. It had its inception at the biennial meeting of the international statistical institute recently held at Bern, Switzerland. At the instance of Dr. Guillame, director of the statistical office of the federal government of Switzerland, a committee was appointed by the institute to collect information as to the possibility and best methods of taking a synchronous census of each civilized country in 1900. The committee will consider the best methods by which uniformity can be introduced into the collection and tabulation of data so that facile and creditable comparisons can be made.

The committee thus far has made one report, which recommends that the opinions of the leading statistical experts of the different countries be obtained on these points and laid before the next meeting of the institute in 1897. The committee will then decide whether or not to advise the carrying out of the project.

It is believed that such a census, taken as it is proposed in 1900, would prove of the greatest value to the various governments, to social economists and scientific men generally. It is not believed that the scheme, though a difficult one to carry out, is impracticable. Fourteen nations have already fixed either 1900 or 1901 as the year in which the next enumeration of their population will be taken. The following is a list of these nations, with the presumable date upon which the census will be taken:

Netherlands, Dec. 31, 1899; Portugal, Jan. 1, 1900; Denmark, Feb. 1, 1900; United States, 1900; Germany, Dec. 1, 1900; Switzerland, Dec. 1, 1900; Austria, Dec. 31, 1900; Belgium, Dec. 31, 1900; Hungary, Dec. 31, 1900; Sweden, Dec. 31, 1900; Norway, Jan. 1, 1901; Great Britain and Ireland, April 5, 1901; France, April 12, 1901; Italy, Dec. 31, 1901.

It is safe to say that of these 14 countries 9 will in all probability take a census of their population in 1900. The Netherlands and Norway, it is seen, will practically take their census in the same year. Great Britain and Ireland and France will take their census about four months later than the close of 1900, while Italy will take her's one year later.

If it is decided that a universal census be taken all over the world on the same day, a conference of representatives of the various nations will be called, and a date for the enumeration chosen. Supposing that Dec. 31, 1900, be chosen, the first six countries in the above list will simply postpone their censuses for a term varying from 12 months for the Netherlands to one month for Switzerland. The last four countries would have to have census dates moved forward to the minimum extent of one day for Norway to one year for Italy.

Such states as are not mentioned in the above list have no regular dates for census taking and the statisticians interested in the scheme believe that they would readily assent to enumerating their populations simultaneously with the other nations.

If the universal census scheme be carried through, it is probable that certain questions will be asked of each individual with a view of obtaining other valuable information than a mere enumeration. These questions would be so formulated in the various languages that they would have precisely the same meaning everywhere and the answers would allow international comparisons.

The question of occupations will be a most important one. The international institute in 1891 suggested a grouping of occupations, holding that, from a view of social economics, the question of mortality in occupations is most important, and that this mortality can only be calculated from a scientific classification of occupations. —New York Sun.

Michigan's Musical Wonder.
At Wimer's Opera House in Coloma, Mich., the other night, Miss Alice McClung, the 7-year-old prodigy, made her first appearance on any stage. Miss Alice has written a large number of exquisite waltzes, lullabies, melodies, etc., and has set Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue" to music. One of her tests was for any one to strike one to four keys on the instrument and she said she would name the keynote of each. This feat she performed successfully several times with her back to the piano. Musical people are enthusiastic over her wonderful powers and predict great things.

Where Floats the Flag of England? Where then floats the flag of England? Does it flutter in the sun? From the blue sky of Boston, or the field of Bennington? Do the heroes kiss it gently?

Where that fight once waxed so hot? Poets ask in plaintive meter. Echo answers, "I guess not."

Where, then, floats the flag of England? Does it glisten once again? Where Tienderraga thundered, or on Yorktown's fatal plain? Does it mark with gaudy colors Gernon's once famous strife?

Does it float again at Cowpens? No, it don't; you bet your life!

Where, then, floats the flag of England? Is it held aloft once more With a proud and boastful gesture? On Potomac's peaceful shore? Does it rustle in the breezes? From the top of Bunker Hill? You can tell her "royal highness" That it don't, and never will.

Where, then, floats the flag of England? Do the redcoats let it fly In that handsome southern city Where they met "Old Hickory?" Does it ever flout defiance?

I don't know or care a ---! But I reckon it don't monkey Much around our Uncle Sam.

—Orlo L. Dobson in Detroit News.

LITTLE CUT AMBER NOW.

A Pipe Mouthpiece Three Inches Long Worth From \$12 to \$15.

"Is that real amber?" asked the man as he held up a pipe before the dealer. The pipe was a handsome briar wood one, and it had a clear amber mouthpiece nearly three inches long. The price mark was \$3.50.

"Yes, it's real amber," said the dealer. "That is, it's as real as any amber you can get nowadays in a pipe. It is not cut from a piece of amber, but is made by a melting process. Ninety per cent of that mouthpiece is amber. The other 10 per cent is a composition used to harden it and make it stick together. Some years ago amber was plenty, and a pipe like that would have a mouthpiece of amber cut from a block and never melted. But the amber mines have practically given out, and you can't get any more big pieces. A piece of cut amber as long as that on the pipe you have there would be worth from \$12 to \$15, and it wouldn't be a bit better than the manufactured amber. It wouldn't be so durable and would not feel any better between the teeth."

"I was in England a year ago," said the dealer. "That is, it's as real as any amber you can get nowadays in a pipe. It is not cut from a piece of amber, but is made by a melting process. Ninety per cent of that mouthpiece is amber. The other 10 per cent is a composition used to harden it and make it stick together. Some years ago amber was plenty, and a pipe like that would have a mouthpiece of amber cut from a block and never melted. But the amber mines have practically given out, and you can't get any more big pieces. A piece of cut amber as long as that on the pipe you have there would be worth from \$12 to \$15, and it wouldn't be a bit better than the manufactured amber. It wouldn't be so durable and would not feel any better between the teeth."

"That's so," said the pipe seller. "You may get a pipe with a genuine cut amber mouthpiece in some stores in New York, but if you look up its record you will find it was made eight or ten years ago and has been in stock. This composition is used today in expensive meerschaums as well as in briar woods."

An Adventure in the Sahara.

Tartarin narrated his latest exploits in the desert: "I was sinking deeper and deeper into the sand, and I owe my preservation solely to the fact of my being prematurely and completely bald."

"You are jesting."

"Not at all. The sun was shining fiercely, a strong wind was blowing at the time; the sand drifted about my feet and rose gradually higher until it reached my chest—in short, there was soon nothing to be seen of me above the sand but a light elevation as round as an egg; that was my skull. An ostrich, happening to pass that way, closely pursued by the hunters, came and squatted on my head. It was beginning to hatch me when its pursuers came to my rescue."

—Fanfare.

The Human Brain.
Professor Ranke has submitted to the German Anthropological Society the results of his investigations into the relative weights of the brain and spinal cord in man and the monkey. The elephant and the whale have heavier brains than man; the mole and certain small apes and singing birds have heavier brains in proportion to the weight of the body than man. According to Professor Ranke, the weight of the brain in proportion to the weight of the spinal cord is greater in man than in any other animal.

EASY COME, EASY GO.

The man who creeps along bent over, with his spinal column feeling in a condition to snap like a pipestem at any minute, would readily give a great deal to get out of his dilemma, and yet this is only the commonest form by which lumbago seizes on and twists out of shape the muscles of the back. This is commonly known as backache, a crick in the back, but by whatever name it may be known, and however bad it may be, 10 minutes vigorous rubbing with St. Jacob's Oil on the afflicted part will drive out the trouble and completely rid you of it. It is a thing so easily caught, it may be wondered at why there is not more of it, but because it is so easily cured by St. Jacob's Oil may be the very reason that we hear so little of it.

"Popper," the little boy asked, "what kind of a horse is that they call a 'pinto'?" "A balky one, my son. They call him that because he is a stopper."

Try Germer for Breakfast.

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, overeating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do their work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

be in the best of health.

—Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

ARCTIC OIL WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

ILLUMINATING AND LUBRICATING OILS

WHITE LIGHT OLENA,

SNOW FLAKE,

HEADLIGHT,

—30 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN and RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this fence.

DE KALB FENCE CO.,

MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORIES:

DE KALB, ILLINOIS.

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE:

26 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

OWN YOUR OWN TELEPHONE.

Don't Pay Rent, Telephones Sold Outright.

PACIFIC COAST

Telephone Construction Co.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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Three Months, 65

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BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1896.

A SOURCE OF DANGER.

The authorities of San Francisco have recently taken action with regard to some of the places which have been a source of danger to the health of the city.

The shambles where worthless and diseased horses and cattle have been slaughtered and disposed of, have been forced to move, and the hog ranches have had their lease of life limited to six months.

Already the managers of the old horse shambles have made their appearance on this side of the county line. One of these is operating a place back of Colma, and another, run by a man named Shaller, has located on the San Bruno road, near this place. Complaint having been made by one of our citizens, charging Shaller with maintaining a public nuisance, he has promised to remove his works to a point away from the public roads and on the water front towards Millbrae. These concerns pick up wornout and worthless animals, at the trifling cost of a dollar or two per head, and in many instances, without cost, which they slaughter, selling such portions of the flesh as they find a market for to chicken and hog ranches, the bones to bone dealers the remainder being manufactured into fertilizers, which have a commercial value and find ready sale.

These plants are of the crudest and cheapest kind, without any of the improved appliances adapted for sanitary purposes, by the large modern abattoirs and fertilizer factories, consequently these concerns become the breeding places of the vilest and foulest stenches, rendering life in their vicinity unendurable. The small amount of capital required enables almost any one to start in this business, which promises a sure, if not large, profit.

We understand that the Mr. Shaller, who recently located near here is the party who is an applicant for a contract with the county to receive dead animals from the public highways of the county.

As a matter of fact the number of dead animals to be obtained from the county roads cannot cut much of a figure in the way of supplying an industry of this kind; besides, this method of getting rid of dead animals on our highways would seem impracticable from a sanitary point of view, inasmuch as the immediate removal of the carcass before decomposition begins is of the first importance in this regard. The health question being the only one in which the people are concerned they will naturally enough want to know how Contractor Shaller will manage to reach the widely separated and remote points on the various county roads where a dead animal may be found and remove it before it becomes offensive to the senses or injurious to health. It does not require a great deal of discernment to discover the real object of this contract or to understand that it is not desired so much for the purpose of securing the few dead animals to be obtained under it, and which could be had without it, as to give a quasi-legal standing—a kind of color of right to carry on a business—which, without such shadow of authority, might meet with immediate and emphatic opposition.

The main supply of stock for these shambles will not come from this county, much less from its highways, but from the purloins of San Francisco, and the reason these concerns are seeking locations in the northern end of the county is that they may be near their base of supplies and market.

The thing most to be feared, however, if this traffic is encouraged and assumes the dimensions it will certainly develop, is, that these irresponsible dealers in wornout and worthless animals, may bring infectious and dangerous diseases into the county to the peril of the stock interests of our citizens.

By reason of the loss and injury we would enlarge our European mar-

suffered by stockmen through the introduction of infected cattle into various portions of the country, States and municipalities have been forced to adopt strict quarantine rules and law for the protection of resident stock owners. Of the same nature are the provisions made for the protection of orchards and vineyards against the ravages of insect pests, in which connection we may remark that this county is at present paying \$5 per day for the latter purpose. The old maxim of "an ounce of preventive, etc.," is a true one.

This county, which boasts of its fine-blooded stock farms and unexcelled dairy ranches, cannot afford to make any mistake, or take unnecessary risks in the matter of admitting these undesirable concerns, which, if permitted to establish themselves within the county, will require to be placed under a strictest system of inspection and regulation.

POLITICAL NEUTRALITY.

The daily arguments which have been appearing in the "Daily Call" in favor of what it is pleased to term an "unpledged delegation" to St. Louis, are specious and for the most part misleading.

The main argument advanced is, that instructions in favor of any one, places California in antagonism to all other candidates, and that the delegation being bound by instructions can have no right in the final determination, in case the delegation's favorite does not develop the strength necessary to success. The fallacy of such argument is apparent to any one familiar with the history of national conventions.

The records of the national conventions of both political parties show that the votes which decide the final question, those required to nominate the successful candidate, are not those of straddling politicians, or neutral members, but those drawn from the strong positive forces of fighting delegations, that have gone into the contest for some other than the final nominee. It is the swinging of such a force into line that starts the rush which ends in victory. In other words, it is men with convictions, and the courage to maintain them, who are recognized, and who win or aid in winning all great contests.

The so-called instructions of a State convention are usually restricted to an expression of preference for some one of the prominent candidates, except in cases where the candidate is a citizen or favored son of the State. State delegations are not usually put under bonds to die in the last ditch. It is only in rare cases, like that of Grant's 306 at Chicago, that a delegation is expected to, or does follow, the fortunes of a candidate through thick and thin to defeat.

A delegation having given their support to their favorite, and becoming convinced that he cannot win, are in honor, as well as by us, free to cast their votes for another, and aid in naming the nominee.

The San Francisco "Chronicle" almost every day publishes in its editorial columns articles on the subjects of Protection and Finance. They are great educators and should be read by every one having his own or his country's interest at heart. Not only are these editorials invincible from an argumentative standpoint, but are often backed by facts and information most keenly interesting to many a bankrupt American merchant and many an idle American workman.

The following clipping from the London "Financial News" is quoted in a leading editorial of April 18th, and needs no comment in these columns to give it emphasis.

"Not long ago the London 'Financial News' contained an article on the British Board of Trade returns, in which the following significant paragraphs occurred:

"The total gain for the nine months under yarn and textile exports is £3,279,675, and as the value of wool tissues taken by the United States has been about £950,000, and of worsted tissues nearly £3,000,000 greater than in 1894, no further search for the origin of the improvement in the trade returns need be made.

"The lowering of the American tariff has been our salvation, and it cannot be said that we have shown much reciprocity, for instead of taking the increased value of our shipments across the Atlantic in kind, we seem to have bought less American produce. It is needless to go beyond our own Board of Trade returns to find an explanation of a good deal of the monetary trouble in the United States."

"These frank and cold-blooded admissions of a leading English financial journal will go far toward shattering the faith of American free traders, in the theory maintained by Cleveland, Wilson, Gorman, et al, that by freely admitting English goods to our markets

kets for food and other products." Add to this the testimony of almost any of the leading financial journals of Great Britain and the doctrine of protection needs no other argument. The following from the "Textile Mercury" of Bradford, England, is also quoted:

"The enormous increase in the volume of Bradford exports to the United States has formed the subject of frequent reference in these columns. The suffering caused in the Bradford district by the McKinley act was very great, but since the passing of the Gorman tariff manufacturers have been able in a great measure to recoup themselves for past losses. The enormous exports of Yorkshire goods to the United States show that the Americans are not in a position to compete with us even in their own markets. It was from the American demand that Bradford first felt the present exceptional wave of prosperity. No town suffered so keenly from the imposition of the excessive rates under the McKinley act as Bradford, and none has benefited so much under the new American tariff."

Can such facts as these from such a source fail to arrest the attention of every thinking American citizen?

The open announcement made by John and Adolph Spreckels that they were heavily interested in the recent purchase of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway, will be hailed with delight by the citizens of our town. It means that as soon as the question of the right of redemption and other technical legal phases of the recent purchase have been settled that extensive improvements will be made in the service of the line, not the least of which will be the extension of the line from the pump house to the abattoir.

The subterfuge by which the old management of the electric railway secured an extra fare from the Holy Cross Cemetery has been done away with by the new owners. The line will be operated from the pump house to the foot of Market street and only two fares charged. New and much heavier rails will soon be substituted for the present light rails and a sure rapid and splendid service established.

If it is admitted that a decisive majority of the representatives of the Republican party of the State, who are to meet in Sacramento on the 5th of next month, have a positive preference as to the nominee of their party for President, it must be admitted that such choice will be expressed, unless through some extraneous influence it is suppressed.

A castle in the Spanish style is being erected on the Hearst ranch, three miles southwest of Pleasanton. The Pleasanton "Times" says it is intended by Mr. Hearst as a summer resort for the friends and relatives of the proprietor of the "Monarch."

Is any one so verdant as to believe that, forsaken, because California Republicans prefer McKinley or Allison, or any other of the distinguished leaders of their party for President, that they are, therefore, antagonistic to either or any of those not so preferred?

Judge Buckles, of Solano county, has sustained the four years' term of county officials. An appeal will be taken to obtain a final decision in the Supreme Court of the State.

If Wm. McKinley is the first choice of a decided majority of California Republicans for President, how can the State or party be harmed by saying so?

Asked by an Insurance Company.
Here are some of the questions which a new insurance company requires to be answered satisfactorily, and the public will agree that there is more reason for them than many of the old queries:

"Do you ride a bicycle? Single or tandem?

"Do you eat (a) hot cakes, (b) tamales, (c) mince pie, (d) welsh rabbit, (e) raw onions?

"Do you swallow grape seeds?

"Do you drink any mixed drinks?

"Do you ever sleep in a folding bed?

"Do you smoke (a) cigarettes, (b) nickel cigars?

"Have you a mother-in-law?

"Did you ever attempt suicide?"—San Francisco Post.

To Keep Cigarettes Out of Iowa.

By a vote of 31 to 11 the Iowa senate has passed a bill making it a crime to manufacture or keep for sale cigarettes in the state of Iowa. It is known as the Phelps bill, and it will pass the house by a big majority. It makes it unlawful to handle cigarettes in any manner. They cannot be given away. The penalty is a fine or imprisonment or both.

A MIAPPREHENSION.

"Isn't it astonishing how cheap matches are made nowadays?" asked the statistical passenger.

"Ef you mean to insult me, sare," said the foreign looking passenger, "here is my carte. I hold myself, sare, at no less than one million of your American dollars!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

G. W. HANSBROUGH

Contractor

.....AND.....

Builder.

Estimates given on all kinds of Carpenter Work.

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No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.

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ALL KINDS OF BREAD AND FANCY CAKES
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco.

Special Attention Paid to the Washing of Flannels and Silks,

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House Broker.

..... NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner . Grand . and . Linden . Avenues,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NEWS.

Fresh groceries at Kneese's.
Cheap goods at Eikerenkotter's.
We did not elect the Carnival Queen.
Constable Dan Neville was in town Tuesday evening.
John Lennon, of the "Villa," was in town on Monday.
Dr. Ross, of Redwood City, paid our town a visit Monday.
District Attorney Walker was in town on official business last Tuesday.
Charley Johnson won a handsome chair at the raffle at Kneese's on Tuesday evening.

Tom McGuirk is building a new barn and putting up a fence at his place on Maple avenue.

J. L. Wood has completed the work of putting up a new fence around the premises of Thos. McGuirk.

L. H. Moberly left last week to accept position with the Southern Pacific Company, at San Carlos.

Mr. C. K. Garey, manager of a department in the Emporium, San Francisco, has leased the Lux Mansion.

Last Saturday afternoon a party of San Francisco capitalists accompanied Major Martin over the manufacturing district of our town.

Ed Farrell has succeeded to the position formerly held by Mr. M. Healy, and will look after the railroad tracks of the Land Company.

The abattoir and the Western Meat Company's buildings, at Sixth and Townsend Streets, have all been newly painted the last week.

On Tuesday last A. Wilber was duly appointed as Deputy Poundkeeper at this place, and immediately posted notices that any stock found running at large would be promptly impounded.

Born—Saturday, April 18, 1896, at "The Villa," on Mission road, to the wife of John Lennon, a son. Mother and child doing well, and father proud and happy over the arrival of his 13-pound boy.

A total of 830 votes were cast in our little town for Queen of the Carnival of Flowers and a total sum of \$41.50 was paid into the Kindergarten fund by our citizens. Not so bad for the youngest town in the county.

Little Eda Bierman, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bierman, after suffering three days from convulsions, died on April 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Bierman have the sympathy of the entire community in this, their sad bereavement.

Frank Miner has been busy of late with sundry jobs in the way of furnishing rock for various parties in the First Township. Frank has a good quarry equipped with a first-class crusher, and is prepared to fill any orders he may receive without regard to their size, on the shortest notice.

Mrs. E. C. Dunn and Mrs. Hurd, of San Francisco, paid a farewell visit to Mrs. W. T. Neff last week. Mrs. Dunn has gone to Arizona to join her husband, Ed. C. Dunn, formerly landlord of the Union Hotel of this place. Ed. has charge of the engine at the La Fortuna Mine, in Arizona.

Suit has been brought in the Superior Court of this county by the First National Bank of San Jose to foreclose the mortgage held by the Bank upon the Steiger Pottery property, and Louis Genochio, of Redwood City, has been appointed receiver by Judge Buck, and has taken charge of the property.

Henry Michenfelder will have on tap next Sunday at his Armour Hotel an abundant supply of the finest Bock beer and an accompaniment thereto plenty of bockwurst. Henry's Bowling Alley and Summer Garden is one of the most attractive places in the county, and deserves the liberal patronage it has already obtained.

Rev. Father Cooper, of San Mateo, paid a visit to his parishioners at this place on Saturday last. The Reverend Father was not permitted to escape that inevitable ballot-box at the post office, where every one has been invited and solicited to cast a vote for Queen of the Carnival of Flowers, and from which neither age, sex, color, previous condition, nor even the cloth of the clergy has been exempt.

Rev. Geo. Wallace has returned from his trip abroad, and on Sunday last conducted the services at the Episcopal Chapel. Mr. Wallace returns in good health, and will take hold with his friends and parishioners here to make the new church building a reality. The work done among our people in the past two years by Rev. Wallace has given him a deservedly high place in the regard and esteem of this community.

On Monday night some miscreant robbed the poultry house of Mrs. Lachelli, taking all of the small stock of poultry which the poor woman had provided for her house full of little children. It was doubtless some one living about the town who committed this heartless act. Some one who knew the place well and was aware that he was robbing little children as well as a poor working woman. San Quentin is by far too good for the wretch capable of such meanness.

We have often spoken of the fact that the workingmen of our town are men of good and orderly habits, and good citizens. An incident, which occurred last Saturday, illustrates their generosity. Mr. Fred Bierman, who is himself a workingman, was sadly and suddenly bereaved by the death of his little daughter, as will be seen in another column. His fellow workmen quietly made up a purse among themselves to assist their comrade in his distress and to lighten an expense he was ill prepared to meet. The sum of \$27 was raised within a few moments and so quietly was the matter conducted, that it was only by chance that we obtained the facts.

The San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway have established for the present the following time table: Cars leave the pump house for San Francisco at 9:35 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 10:55 a. m., 11:35 a. m., 12:15 p. m., 12:55 p. m., 1:35 p. m., 2:15 p. m., 2:55 p. m., 3:35 p. m., 4:15 p. m., 4:55 p. m., 5:35 p. m., 6:05 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 1:10 p. m., 1:50 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:10 p. m., 3:50 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 5:50 p. m. Only two fares will be charged from the pump house to the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

On Monday night the packing house was entered and a case of deviled ham stolen. Three young fellows, ranging in age from 16 to 18 years, were found camped in one of the Western Meat Company's cars with the stuff in their possession and, upon being arrested by Officer Fred Desirello, admitted that one of their number entered the packing-house and stole the box of prepared meat whilst his two companions waited outside. The three were on Wednesday brought into the Justice's Court, when they plead guilty to the charge of vagrancy and received a sentence of four months in the county jail. Their names are Eustace Cinaini, Bennett Cabill, and Chas. Riley, hailing from San Francisco. Cinaini formerly worked at the packing house.

CITIZENS' MEETING.

A meeting of the citizens of South San Francisco will be held at the Post-office Building at 8 o'clock p. m. on Thursday, April 30, for the purpose of choosing a committee of citizens to secure the right of way for a public road upon the shortest and most practicable route from this town to the Jersey Farm, and to take the necessary steps to secure the opening upon such route of a county road.

J. Eikerenkotter,
Geo. Kneese,
D. O. Daggett,
W. J. Martin,
E. E. Cunningham.

WHOOP IT UP!

The attendance at the Citizens' meeting called for next Thursday evening should be general. The object for which this meeting has been called is an important one to every citizen and property owner.

It means, if successful, a new outlet and inlet, one which will make our town more easily accessible to a large number of people and, therefore, an increase of trade and business.

Towns do not grow naturally by any means; they are built, and any and every available resource within reach, or that can be brought within reach, should be seized and used to develop and build up this town. Let every one who has the interest of the town at heart be present at Thursday evening's meeting.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The election for Queen of the San Mateo County Carnival of Flowers was on Tuesday at 5 o'clock p. m.

The flower show was a happy thought of the ladies of Redwood City, who, taking advantage of the popular enthusiasm aroused by the carnival season, decided to hold a county carnival of flowers at the town of Redwood City, for the benefit of the kindergarten at that place.

The following is the vote cast for the several leading candidates: Miss Lillian Neuman, 3583; Miss Henrietta Lawlor, 1572; Miss Annie Goggin, 582; Miss Nellie Hannerson, 657; Miss Ollie Christ, 162.

There were a number of scattering votes in the several towns of the county, the total number cast being 6948 votes, yielding \$347.40. The battle of the ballots was started by our people, and while the candidate of this place came out third in the contest, we must congratulate the good folks of our little town, which is the youngest in the county and relatively still in the kindergarten class, upon their liberality in the cause of infant education. This town sent the sum of \$41.50 to the carnival committee and cast 830 votes, of which 728 were polled for Miss Annie Goggin. Miss Goggin also received the vote of San Mateo to the number of 124 votes, making her total 852.

Through some mistake the total vote of our candidate has been published as 637, which is an error of 215 votes. We say with our people, may the kindergarten live long and prosper, and "God Save the Queen."

PRESS NOTES.

COST OF ROADS IN FRANCE.

In a work on the road and pavements of France, Professor A. P. Rockwell, formerly of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, deduces from the reports of the Minister of the Interior, for 1851-1856, that the average cost of nearly 26,000 miles of macadamized road in France, of which over 17,000 miles were ordinary local roads, was as follows: Main highways, \$2926 per mile; secondary highways, \$2309 per mile, and ordinary local roads, \$2026 per mile. These figures include the cost of the road proper and the grading and right of way; but do not include the cost of bridges, culverts and other structures. The range in price is very great, being only \$800 per mile in some departments and as much as \$5600 and \$7200 per mile in others.

All of the Paris pavements, except a portion of the block-stone paving, are laid on concrete foundations. The total area of Paris street pavements on January 1, 1894, was 10,554,520 square yards, and the percentages of kinds of pavement were as follows: Block-stone, 71.5 per cent; macadam, 16.3 per cent; asphalt, 3.8 per cent and wood, 8.4 per cent. Asphalt pavements

date from 1855 and the first wood pavements were laid in 1881; but the tendency of today is to substitute wood or asphalt for stone and macadam, with wood as the present favorite.—S. F. Chronicle.

AMONG THE FORTUNATE TWENTY.

The Evening "Bulletin" offers trips of various attractiveness to the teachers of the city and county who may receive the highest number of votes.

There are twenty prizes open to San Francisco and the same number for the town.

So far the "Bulletin" readers in the county have only voted for one candidate—Miss Annie Lane, who is in charge of the Halfmoon Bay primary department. Her ballot has steadily risen until she has advanced from twenty-fifth on the list to seventeenth. This position will entitle her to one of the "Bulletin's" tours.

The question now is: "Can that position be maintained until June 1 when the contest closes?" With a little effort it can. As an encouragement to those who would like to see San Mateo county "in it" we notice that Miss Lane is receiving hearty support in San Francisco and Santa Rosa.

Unity is not only strength, but in this case, it will mean success.—Coast Advocate.

A BIG PROJECT.

It is reported that the Valley Railroad people, the Treadwell mines and railroad interests and the "Borax" Smith land and railroad properties are about to pool issues, float bonds and commence railroad building on a grand scale. The scheme contemplates railroad extension from Corral Hollow to Oakland at this end and from Fresno to Bakersfield at the other end simultaneously. The Santa Fe people would at the same time span the gap between its present terminal at Mojave and Bakersfield thus completing the transcontinental line through to Oakland. "Borax" Smith has a fine water front and terminal facilities at North Oakland and it would seem probable that this combination can be made to work.

"Dirt is going to fly" pretty soon, that is sure; and Livermore valley can help things along by giving the great project the assistance of a cordial word and a readiness to remove all obstacles.—Livermore Herald.

A fish and game warden should be pointed by the Supervisors of this county for at least two months in the year, say February and March, to protect the streams from being looted by unworthy sportsmen. The law makes it optional for the Board to appoint a warden. Certainly the small salary of seventy-five dollars per month, which the statute provides, for two months would not be opposed by any tax payer.

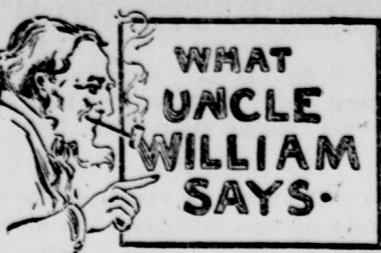
With the streams well stocked with trout a good class of sportsmen would be lured to the county and ten times the amount spent that would be paid to the warden.

As it is there is a dearth of trout in the creeks and anglers from San Francisco must seek other places and this county is the loser in consequence.

—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

There is a strong sentiment among Livermore Republicans in favor of a club organization that will stand in with the kickers who kick against the usurpations of the would-be bosses in Oakland. Their attempt to rob a woman in the creeks and anglers from San Francisco must seek other places and this county is the loser in consequence.

Washington has at last decided in favor of the man from Port Henry, and so he has been named the Apollo of the lower house. Bennett, of Brooklyn, has a fine figure and is a fashion plate in dress. Foote is at least three inches under Bennett, but of a heavier build. He dresses quite as well as Bennett, but the latter is bachelor, which was at first considered greatly in his favor, for Foote is a married man. Bennett's mustache is curly and blonde; Foote's dark and graceful. The eyes of Bennett are steel blue; Foote's dark and expressive. The hair it was which set



Deaths Due to Chloroform.

It is stated that 61 deaths have occurred within the past year in the United Kingdom, of which 52 were from the administration of chloroform. This would be a fearful indictment against the use of that anesthetic if we only knew what was the relative proportion of patients submitted to its influence and to the influence of other anesthetics. In other words, if the number of chloroform cases were 52 times the number of nitrous oxide cases, chloroform would be no more dangerous, although it might have caused 52 deaths for one death caused by the latter anesthetic.—Medical Press.

Saw Him Fed.

Contrary to general belief, Munchausen is not dead, or he must live in the persons of some of the continental tourists you meet around the Metropole and the Victoria. They repeat this conversation of one of those enterprising but prevaricating end of the century explorers:

"I visited Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy"—

"Indeed! So you saw Venice?"

"Well, I rather guess I did."

"Did you see the lion of St. Mark?"

"Of course I did. Why, I saw him fed."—Washington Post.

MARKET REPORT.

The demand for live stock of all kind is good, but prices are easier, on account of being offered freely.

Hogs are in fair demand, at easier prices, and are being offered for less money by country shippers.

Provisions and Lard are in more demand, and selling at easy prices.

LIVESTOCK.—The quoted prices are \$10 less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and in prime condition.

Cattle—Neck Steers, \$30 lb., 50¢@60¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, \$30@40¢; second quality, \$25@35¢.

Hogs—Hogs—Grain-fed, under 225-lbs weight, 33¢@4¢; over 225-lbs weight, 3¢@35¢.

Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, \$10@12¢; Ewes, dressing 50 lbs and under, 25¢@28¢.

Lambs—Suckling, \$1.50@2.00 each, or 23¢@3¢ weighed alive gross.

Calves—Lb. ht., \$10@12¢, gross weight; Heavy, 33¢@35¢, gross weight.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 43¢@50¢; second quality, 4¢@45¢; third quality, 46¢@52¢. First quality cows and heifers, 42¢@45¢; second quality, 3¢@35¢.

Veal—Large, 5¢@6¢; small, 6¢@7¢.

Mutton—Wethers, 5¢@6¢; ewes, 5¢@6¢.

Dressed Hogs—6¢@8¢.

PROVISIONS—California hams, 9@10¢ picnic hams, choice, 6¢@7¢.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12¢; heavy S. C. bacon, 10¢@12¢; med. bacon, clear, 7¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7¢; light, dry salt bacon, 9¢@10¢; ex. light dry salt bacon, 10¢@11¢.

Pork—Dry-salted hams, 6¢@7¢; fat, 7¢@8¢; bacon, 8¢@9¢; Extra Clear, 12¢@13¢; hams, \$7.25@8.50; dressed Pigs' Feet, \$1.50@2.00; do. kits, \$1.20@1.50.

Lard—Prices are \$10@12¢.

Tes. 3¢@4¢; lbs. 10¢@12¢; 10s. 8¢@10¢; 10s. 6¢@7¢; 10s. 6¢@7¢; 10s. 6¢@7¢.

Cal. pure 6¢@7¢; 6¢@7¢; 6¢@7¢; 6¢@7¢.

In 3-lb. tins the price on each is 5¢ higher than on 5-lb. tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1.80; 1s \$1.00; Roast Beef, 2s \$1.80; 1s, \$1.00; Lunch Beef, 2s, \$1.90; 1s, \$1.10.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

MONTGOMERY BAGGS

Insurance Agent

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.

Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.

OFFICE:

132 California St., San Francisco.

"WHEN ELI'S HAD HIS DINNER."

On long, hot Sunday afternoons, when we've got home from meetin', An Eli's changed his pantaloons, He's awful set on eatin'. He's that outrageous cross 'twould shame An unconverted sinner. I have to stand a heap of blame Till Eli's got his dinner.

An so I'm never very slow To get the kettle boilin'; I call it duty, for I know His temper is a spinnin', I warn the taters an the meat An don't let nothin' hinder, An then I let the feller eat, An Eli's got his dinner.

Now, Eli's not a greedy man, But somehow, come a Sunday, He'll eat a bigger dinner than He'd think of on a Monday. An when he's done he tips his chair Back 'gainst the kitchen winder, An soon you'll hear a snorin' there When Eli's got his dinner.

But when he's dozed a little while, Half wakin' an half sleepin', He'll wake up in a better style For Sunday an a deakin'. He'll talk so pious an so kind, 'Twould touch a hardened sinner; A better man you'd never find Than Eli after dinner.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BIG TOM, CONVICT.

There were those who said that convict 1280 was innocent of the crime which sent him to prison for such a long term of years, but that there was scarce a hope of his ever being a free man again. They meant that he was technically guilty. He had sought to save a woman from a beating at the hands of her husband, and in the struggle and excitement he had struck a blow which caused the death of the man. It was accident, in a sense, but it was also manslaughter. No man who is a man will stand by and see a woman beaten, and yet if he interferes he must take his chances with the law. Big Tom, as the convict was sometimes referred to, was, like most big men, a child in his gentleness and good nature. He did not complain, but he grieved. He thought of the years and years which must drag away before the prison doors would open to him, and he moved about like a weak, old man. The prison officials felt pity for the man, but a convict is a convict, and all must be treated alike—all who show obedience to the rules. They sized him up as childlike and good natured, and yet they said to each other as they talked of him:

"Look out for Big Tom! He will break loose some day and do some deperate thing!"

They thought it would come during the first six months of his term—then during the second—then they almost became afraid of him. Men who are slow to anger—who go on grieving, brooding and bearing a mental burden for weeks and months are devils when the climax comes.

Big Tom had the management of the trip hammer in the machine shop. Had they put him in the shoe shop or tailor shop he would have rebelled at once. His place was beside the biggest piece of machinery in the shops, two pieces of machinery, as it were—Tom and Trip. Day by day and week by week and month by month, as the ponderous hammer rose and fell and its blows shook the very earth for yards around, making the convict smile and look proud, the guards had an eye on him and kept saying to each other:

"It will come. It is only delayed. When he breaks loose, he will kill some and have to be killed in turn."

Nearly half of the second year had passed, and the giant convict had never even sulked, when one day there came into the shop as sightseers a husband, wife and little girl 4 or 5 years old. Children are seldom seen in prisons, and it is a rare thing that they are taken into the shops in the yards. If any one in that prison knew that convict 1280 had a daughter—a fair haired, handsome child, who could only walk alone when the jury pronounced his verdict of "guilty"—he had forgotten the fact. His wife had visited him as often as visitors were allowed, but the child had never been seen within the grim walls. Knowing that her husband had killed a man by accident, the wife could bear to see him wearing the horrible stripes of a convict, but to let the child look upon him, to gaze in wonder at the iron bars, to ask why all those men were there, a thousand times no! And so this was the first child Big Tom had seen since the heavy doors shut him in. Father, mother and child came close to him and gazed at the ponderous hammer with wondering eyes. You would have argued that the sight of the child would have softened the convict's heart and brought tears to his eyes, but it did not. It brought a feeling of madness, of desperation, of frenzy. To save a woman from a brutal beating at the hands of a drunken, worthless thing not fit to be classed with men he had struck a blow.

A jury had called it murder in the second degree, and he was here in prison on a sentence almost never ending. He had been wronged, and the knowledge of it fired his heart and brought the long expected outbreak. With a sudden cry which startled every one in the noisy shop Big Tom made a spring forward, seized the child in his arms, and there was a shout of defiance on his lips as he held her at arm's length and glared about him. The mother of the child gasped for breath and staggered back to the wall and sank down. The father stood staring, as if struck dumb, but presently held out his hands in silent supplication. Big Tom glowered and muttered in reply. He was a convict, childless father. He was dead to his child—she was dead to him. He could not make another father's heart ache and throb and grieve as his did, but he would secure revenge.

After muttering he was silent. No one cried out. Guards and convicts were seemingly stupefied. There was the hum of machinery, but not of voices. Convicts turned from forge and anvil and bench and lathe and held their breath. The two shop guards leaned forward in

their chairs and looked and looked, but they did not move or cry out.

"What will he do with the child?" The two men working at the trip hammer with Big Tom had fallen back. He had control of the machinery which worked it. The answer to the question could be read in his eyes. Men had wronged him under cover of the law. He had been deprived of liberty, degraded and disgraced. Death were more merciful than such a sentence as his, and in dying he would secure revenge. A piece of iron had been left under the hammer. There was heard the sound of crash! crash! crash! as the mass of iron rose and fell at regular intervals—that sounded above the monotonous hum of the machinery.

"He will thrust her under the hammer!"

So thought each guard and each convict—so thought the father, whose feet seemed chained to the floor and whose face was whiter than the dead. One of the guards could have touched a button and signaled the engineer to shut off steam, but he did not move a hand. Either guard had a fair mark to shoot at, but their pistols were not lifted. Up and down—up and down went the hammer, but suddenly the belt was thrown over on the loose pulley and the mass rested on the anvil. It seemed to those who looked as if they had been looking through a mist—such a mist as rises from earth of a summer morning. It seemed to them that this mist thinned out—cleared away before the influence of a rising sun, and by and by they saw the child nestling on Big Tom's hairy breast, one hand smoothing his cheek, and seeming to come from a long distance off they heard her childish voice saying:

"No, you wouldn't hurt Nellie—you wouldn't hurt Nellie! What makes you say? Have you got a little girl too? Won't you let you go home to see your little girl?"

And the convicts advanced step by step, and the guards crept forward, and so! Big Tom's tears were falling, as he hugged the child more tightly and kissed her fair hair and rosy cheek. There was silence yet—silence as he walked to and fro and wept and sobbed and lifted the child till she could clasp her tiny arms about his neck and rest her cheek against his. Not a whisper among the convicts—not a move from father or mother or the guards. By and by Big Tom placed the child in its father's arms, wiped the tears from his eyes on the sleeve of his striped jacket, and with a "God bless the little darling!" and a "Thank ye, sir!" he returned to his work, and the hammer was lifted and held in waiting for the hot iron to be placed on the anvil beneath.

The guards motioned for the other convicts to go back to their benches and forges, and a minute later the visitors had gone and work was in full blast. The long expected outbreak had come and gone. For 30 seconds Big Tom had felt such a raging hate in his soul that he was transformed into a human devil. The child had smiled into his burning eyes—her soft touch had lulled him—her words had brought back his reason. Was he punished? No! A year later he was pardoned, and today another fair haired, blue eyed, smiling child puts her arms about his neck and says:

"You are such a great, big papa, but you wouldn't never hurt nobody, would you?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Gentlemanly Profession.

A city man was lately asked to recommend a nice, gentlemanly profession in which a quick fortune could be made without risk. He replied that he knew of only two such professions, and they were both rather hard to get into. They were the professions of Kafir millionaire and American railroad reorganizer. The Kafir millionaire is not entirely unknown to our readers, but perhaps they are not so well acquainted with the railroad reorganizer. His native habitat is New York, and he is only to be seen in London as a bird of passage. He may honor us with his company for a few days when on his way to the Riviera or the upper Nile, but he would be making himself too cheap if he were to recognize such a thing as business when he "had only run over for a short holiday." His work here is done vicariously through sympathetic agents or public spirited committees. He has also committees in New York, and nowadays he finds it necessary to have syndicates and underwriters as well.

A playful professional fiction assumes that these committees have been elected by the reorganized bond and stock holders to protect their interests. Another pleasant illusion gives the syndicates and the underwriters credit for stepping into the deadly breach to save the reorganization scheme from imminent peril. And they have to be paid accordingly, or, in professional phraseology, "compensated."—Saturday Review.

The Wind Engine.

There seems to be no question as to the practical utility of the new though crude wind engine which is now coming into use in some parts of the west. According to the description, it resembles the paddle wheel of a stern wheel boat, with a shaft 12 to 14 feet long, 12 to 16 feet across, with six or eight arms. The lower half of the wheel is shielded from the wind, so that the air acts only upon the upper vanes. A crank upon one end of the shaft connects with the pump. Power can be indefinitely increased at any time by simply increasing the length. The wind acts upon this sort of paddle wheel from all points of the compass except two, and it seems to require no governor, but simply pumps more during a storm. No tower is provided for, and it is placed so that the radial arms will be clear of the ground. One of these wheels now running in Kansas is stated to be 21 feet in diameter, 27 feet long, and has eight fans. The largest water wheel in the world is said to be an overshot wheel in the isle of Man. It is 13½ feet in diameter, 6 feet in breadth, with a crank stroke of 10 feet, and gives 200 horsepower.—New York Sun.

WORN BY THE WOMEN

SOME OF THE VERY LATEST IDEAS IN DRESS.

The Godet Skirt Is Fighting for Its Hold on Women's Favor—New Cape and Bodice—Yellow Trimming Masked with Lace.

Fashion's Giddy Fancies.

New York correspondence:



IGHTING for its hold on women's favor is the godet skirt, and pretty successfully, too, as is proven by consideration of the present new skirt, which seems not so new, after all. It fits close over the hips, falls in somewhat diminished godets below, and at the back is gathered at the waist into several outsetting organ pipes. The godet effect from the hips and in front seems out of favor, but in general appearance the new skirt looks much like the one it succeeds. Here it is beside the initial, pictured in its extreme width and with a narrow panel of black satin on either side of the front breadth. The stuff is finely striped suitting, which for the bodice is fashioned into a tasteful jacket. It has an overlapping front fastening with horn buttons, which are also used on the circular basque. The latter is wide enough to close in front. A white satin pointed collar finishes the plain stock, and a silk tie ends in a small sailor knot. The sleeves are conventional, consisting of large puffs and fitted cuffs. Speaking of styles in sleeves, it can be said that the new sleeves show more of a change from styles just past than the new skirt does. One sort that seems likely to be generally worn is the Huguenot, which

in the next picture is a dress that fairly advertises its own newness, yet the fronts of its novel jacket bodice show a very rich embroidery of spangles and silk. The bodice's material is green cloth, it has a fitted back and loose front, and its basque is slashed at the sides. A small vest with plain stock collar of green silk shows at the top, and silk soutache edges the jacket.

It is a familiar type of turban-toque that tops the woman of the fourth sketch, one that in this instance was made of light green and brown mixed straw. Four upright ends of green ribbon and a bunch of pink crushed roses trimmed the front, more roses were put along the sides, and at the back a cluster of leaves and a knot of lace fell over the hair. A hat for this dress would hardly be harmonious unless its trim-



YELLOW TRIMMING THAT IS MASKED WITH LACE



THE FIRST CAPE OF ITS KIND.

is slashed to allow inside puffery to escape.

With our summer dresses we are to have the dearest little capes of duck, linen or muslin. Protection? Not much; but that is just the advantage. Louis of times it is so hot that one really doesn't want any outer garment for the street, and yet a gown minus some covering does not look right. A little shoulder cape of duck, or of wash stuff to match the gown will be just the thing to take off the bareness and yet not be uncomfortably warm. Capes for this purpose may be richly embellished, if the wearer likes that, but with dresses that are not elaborate a plain cape is in much better taste. In the second picture a novel cape is shown. It is of the same stuff as the dress, its medici collar is lined with fancy silk, its fronts are ornamented with buttons and all fullness is disposed in godet pleats. A strap through which each arm slips holds the garment in place. The costume with which it goes, or perhaps it is more accurate to say of which it is a part, is made of granite colored mohair. Its wide skirt is stiffened at the hem and is trimmed with a fancy strap and button on either side of the front breadth. The jacket bodice is fitted, and its diagonal front is ornamented with buttons. The sleeves are only moderately wide. All the edges are machine stitched and the buttons are tinted ivory.

It is all very well to say that we are tired of spangles, but the imported



spangles go on sporting them. It may be true that these dresses are the ones that served last season as models in foreign parts—your friends who "go over" every year may be mean enough to say so, but spangles are certainly going to blaze another year here. Here

SHE IS NOT A NOVICE.

MRS. FELTON TO FURNISH CONGRESS WITH A NOVELTY.

Will Conduct a Contest on Behalf of Her Husband—Has Prepared the Evidence. Dr. Felton Is Contesting the Seat of Judge Maddox of Georgia.

A woman appearing before a congressional committee to champion her husband's cause is to be the novelty among the congressional contests this year. No woman has ever before invaded the precincts of an election committee hearing in that way, but Mrs. Felton, wife of Dr. W. H. Felton of Georgia, is quite equal to that or any other new experience where her husband's political career is threatened.

Mrs. Felton is contesting the seat of Judge Maddox. The case will probably not be called before the last of February, and Mrs. Felton is not expected in Washington before the date of the hearing. Mr. Felton is about 70 years old, and it is as much due to the invalidism of age as from any pronounced sickness that Mrs. Felton makes the fight for her husband.

Mrs. Felton is 40, fine looking, white haired and full of snap and vigor. For 20 years she has been campaigning for her husband, and if any woman knows anything of the varied politics of different parties it ought to be Mrs. Felton. Mr. Felton began his career before the war as a Whig. He changed his politics and was a secessionist. After the war he changed again. He was in congress about 1874, and Mrs. Felton then became familiar with all congressional robes.

She had six years of congressional experience. Mrs. Felton has since her husband defeated seven times, first as an independent Democrat. Then he became an organization Democrat and was whipped by a Populist. Since then he has been a Populist himself, and it is as one of that party that Mrs. Felton will urge his claims to the seat now. She is well known throughout the district. After the election, as Dr. Felton wasn't able to do the work, his wife went out and collected the testimony for her husband's side.

Dr. Felton has an attorney in Washington, but his wife's name is said to appear also on the papers. There has been some talk that the committee might not hear Mrs. Felton because of her sex, as the time is limited and the lawyers would have to be heard.

Congressman Daniels is a member of the committee having the Felton case in hand. He said of course he would hear any woman in such a case, and she could talk when the time for arguments arrived.

Mrs. Felton is said to believe in woman's right to vote, and if her husband should be given a seat, which seems very improbable, Mrs. Felton, owing to her husband's age, would exercise all a congressman's prerogatives in everything but the right to vote or go on the floor of the house and talk.

It is pretty hard for a man from Georgia to have to fight, but Judge Maddox, whose seat Mrs. Felton wants for her husband, much prefers that Mrs. Felton should prattle to the committee than that the lawyers should argue for her husband.—New York Journal.

THE MANX CAT.

It Is Rightly Term'd the Oddest of the Whole Feline Order.

The oddest of all felines is the Manx cat, which is, as its name implies, a native of the Isle of Man. One of its peculiarities is that it has no tail. Then, it is much larger, stronger and fiercer than the domestic cat. It has a bigger head, its hair is coarser and thicker

MAN WITHOUT MERCY.

Brutal Gen. Weyler, Commander of the Spanish Army in Cuba.

If current reports be true the most cruel general that old Rome ever produced was a mild, benevolent sort of man compared to him who is terrorizing the Cubans. Weyler was sent to do it in a way which calls to mind the atrocities perpetrated on the people by Valmaseda during the ten years' war in that unfortunate island. On April



CAPTAIN GENERAL WEYLER.

4. 1869, Valmaseda issued a proclamation in which the following lines occurred: "Every man from the age of 15 upward found away from his habitation and who does not prove a justified motive therefor will be shot." Weyler's proclamation is as foul as was Valmaseda's, and if his outrageous policy is pushed very far there are those high in the councils of this nation who declare that the only end will be war between the United States and Spain. It is next to impossible to believe that in this age of the world war should be so degraded as Weyler has degraded it. He notified all Cubans to join the Spanish ranks. He has decreed death for Cubans sympathizing with the cause of freedom, and declared trial by court-martial (another name for death) for those who circulate news favorable to the revolution and for those who shall speak adversely of him or of his army. His commanders have been given power to execute prisoners as they see fit. He has ordered the country people to quit their homes and remove to places designated by him. Indeed, he has done unspeakable things in Cuba. General Gomez, on the contrary, has treated captured Spaniards with every leniency and has given many prisoners their freedom unconditionally. It is possible that Weyler's brutality will cause a reversal of this policy and that General Gomez will take to shooting Spaniard for Cuban, a reprisal justifiable under the circumstances, but to be deplored beyond expression.

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and its hind legs, besides being larger, are formed almost like those of a hare. This cat, although making its home among men, is still very shy, rejecting all friendly advances and being very apt to bite the hand that offers it a caress. It exists for the most part out of doors and is almost wholly self-supporting. It is a fine hunter, not only catching rats, but rabbits, hares and birds as well.

In regard to its being tailless, a writer states that the peculiarity, in all probability, originated in some disease of the caudal appendage, resulting from the dampness of the soil and the humidity of the climate. The effect of the disease was the rotting off of the tail and, in time, it is supposed, became hereditary.

As to the hind legs of the cat it is thought they became longer in obedience to the requirements of the creature's life, its home originally being among the hills, to which it fled on the approach of danger. Its long hind legs enable it to easily run up high hills while pursued by enemies.

Lady Churchill on Skates.

The last we heard of Lady Randolph Churchill says a New York exchange, she was winning universal admiration because of her fine cycling. Now word reaches this side of the Atlantic that she is the object of keenest admiration when on skates. It appears that her ladyship learned the art of perfect grace on the ice while in Canada, and that she has not since lost so much as one jot. At the rink in London recently she was seen in company with the champion skater of the world, and ever under such circumstances her grace and art won universal plaudits.

Large orders covering practically the entire season's crops, have been received by the Los Nietos Walnut Growers' Association. This is a telling endorsement of the exchange system and an establishment brand.

ERGIA
THE RANKS.
BY CAPT. CHARLES KING

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"Nina, hush! My honor is with the regiment. I must go, child. We'll be back in a few weeks. Indeed I fear



"Oh, what have I done? what have I done!"

"Will all be over before we get there. Nina, don't look so! Don't act so! Think where you are!"

But she had borne too much, and the blow came all too soon—too heavy. She was well nigh senseless when the Beaubien carriage came whirling into the fort and old Maman rushed forth in volatile and rabid charge upon her daughter. All too late! It was useless now. Her darling's heart was weaned away and her love lavished on that tall, objectionable young soldier so soon to go forth to battle. Reproaches, tears, wrath, were all in order, but were abandoned at sight of poor Nina's agony of grief. Noon came, and the train, and with buoyant tread the gallant command marched down the winding road and filed aboard the cars, and Howard Jerrold, sham stricken, humbled at the contemplation of his own unworthiness, slowly unclasped her arms from about his neck, laid one long kiss upon her white and quivering lips, took one brief look in the great dark, haunting, despairing eyes and carried her wail of anguish ringing in his ears as he sprang aboard and was whirled away.

But there were women who deemed themselves worse off than Nina Beaubien—the wives and daughters and sweethearts whom she met that morn in town, for when they got back to Sibley the regiment was miles away. For them there was not even a kiss from the lips of those they loved. Time and train waited for no woman. There were comrades battling for life in the Colorado Rockies, and aid could not come too soon.

CHAPTER XVII.

Under the cloudless heavens, under the starlit skies, blessing the grateful dew that cools the upland air and moistens the bunch grass that has been bleaching all day in the fierce rays of the summer sun, a little column of infantry is swinging steadily southward. Long and toilsome has been the march; hot, dusty and parching the day. Halts have been few and far between, and every man, from the colonel down, is coated with a gray mask of powdered alkali, the contribution of a two hours' tramp through Dead Man's canyon just before the sun went down. Now, however, they are climbing the range. The morrow will bring them to the broad and beautiful valley of the Spirit Wolf, and there they must have news. Officers and men are footsore and weary, but no one begs for rest. Colonel Maynard, riding ahead on a sorry hack he picked up at the station two days' long march behind them, is eager to reach the springs at Forest Glade before ordering bivouac for the night. A week ago no one who saw him at Sabin would have thought the colonel fit for a march like this, but he seems rejuvenate. His head is high, his eye as bright, his bearing as full of spirit as man's could possibly be at 60, and the whole regiment cheered him when he caught the column at Omaha. A talk with Chester and Armitage seemed to have made a new man of him, and tonight he is full of an energy that inspires the entire command. Though they were farther away than many other troops ordered to the scene, the fact that their station was on the railway, and that they could be sent by special trains to Omaha and thence to the west, enabled them to begin their rescue march ahead of all the other foot troops and behind only the powerful command of cavalry that was whirled to the scene the moment the authorities woke up to the fact that it should have been sent in the first place. Old Maynard would give his very ears to get to Thornton's corral ahead of them, but the cavalry has 36 hours' start and four legs to two. Every moment he looks ahead expectant of tidings from the front that shall tell him the—the were there and the remnant rescued. Even then, he knows, he and his long springfields will be needed. The cavalry can fight their way in to the succor of the besieged, but once there will be themselves surrounded and too few in numbers to begin aggressive movements. He and his will indeed be welcome reinforcements, and so they trudge ahead.

The moon is up, and it is nearly 10 o'clock when, high up on the rolling divide, the springs are reached, and, barely waiting to quench their thirst in

the cooling waters, the wearied men roll themselves in their blankets under the giant trees, and guarded by a few outlying pickets are soon asleep. Most of the officers have sprawled around a little fire and are burning their boot leather there. The colonel, his adjutant and the doctor are curled up under a tent fly that serves by day as a wrap for the rations and cooking kit they carry on pack mule. Two company commanders—the Alpha and Omega of the 10, as Major Sloat dubbed them—the senior and junior in rank, Chester and Armitage by name, have rolled themselves in their blankets under another tent fly and are chatting in low tones before dropping off to sleep. They have been inseparable on the journey thus far, and the colonel has had two or three long talks with them, but who knows what the morrow may bring forth? There is still much to settle. One officer, he of the guard, is still afoot and trudging about among the trees, looking after his sentries. Another officer, also alone, is sitting in silence smoking a pipe. It is Mr. Jerrold. Cleared though he is of the charges originally brought against him in the minds of his colonel and Captain Chester, he has lost caste with his fellows and with them. Only two or three men have been made aware of the statement which acquitted him, but every one knows instinctively that he was saved by Nina Beaubien, and that in accepting his release at her hands he had put her to a cruel expense. Every man among his brother officers knows in some way that he has been acquitted of having compromised Alice Renwick's fair fame only by an alibi that correspondingly harmed another. The fact now generally known—that they were betrothed and that the engagement was openly announced—made no difference.

Without being able to analyze his conduct, the regiment was satisfied that it had been selfish and contemptible, and that was enough to warrant giving him the cold shoulder. He was quick to see and take the hint and in bitter distress of mind to withdraw himself from their companionship. He had hoped and expected that his eagerness to go with them on the wild and sudden campaign would reinstate him in their good graces, but it failed utterly. "Any man who seek that," was the verdict of the informal council held by the officers. "He would have been a pinto if he hadn't sought to go, but while he isn't a pinto he has done a contemptible thing." And so it stood. Rollins had cut him dead, refused his hand and denied him a chance to explain. "Tell him he can't explain," was the savage reply he sent by the adjutant, who consented to carry Jerrold's message in order that he might have fair play. "He knows, without explanation, the wrong he has done to more than one. I won't have anything to do with him."

Others avoided him and only coldly spoke to him when speech was necessary. Chester treated him with marked aversion; the colonel would not look at him; only Armitage—his captain—had a decent word for him at any time, and even he was stern and cold. The most envied and careless of the entire command, the Adonis, the beau, the crack shot, the graceful leader in all garrison gayeties, the beautiful dancer, rider, tennis player, the adored of so many sentimental women at Sibley, poor Jerrold had found his level, and his proud and sensitive though selfish heart was breaking.

Sitting alone under the trees, he had taken a sheet of paper from his pocket case and was writing by the light of the rising moon. One letter was short and easily written, for, with a few words, he had brought it to a close, then folded it in a bold and vigorous hand addressed it. The other was far longer, and over this one, thinking deeply, erasing some words and pondering much over others, he spent a long hour. It was nearly midnight, and he was chilled to the heart when he stiffly rose and took his way among the blanketed groups to the campfire, around which so many of his wearied comrades were sleeping the sleep of the tired soldier. Here he tore to fragments and scattered in the embers some notes and letters that were in his pockets. They blazed up brightly, and by the glare he stood one moment studying young Rollins' smooth and placid features. Then he looked around on the unconscious circle of bronzed and bearded faces. There were many types of soldier there—men who had led brigades through the great war and gone back to the humble bars of the line officer at its close; men who had led fierce charges against the swarming Indians in the rough old days of the first prairie railways; men who had won distinction and honorable mention in hard and trying frontier service; men who had their faults and foibles and weaknesses like other men and were aggressive or complaisant, strong willed or yielding, overbearing or meek, as are their brethren in other walks of life; men who were simple in heart, single in purpose and ambition, diverse in characteristics, but unanimous in one trait—no meanness could live among them—and Jerrold's heart sank within him, colder, lower, stonier than before, as he looked from face to face and cast up mentally the sum of each man's character.

His hospitality had been boundless, his bounty lavish; one and all they had eaten of his loaf and drunk of his cup, but was there among them one who could say of him, "He is generous, and I stand his friend?" Was there one of them, one of theirs, for whom he had ever denied himself a pleasure, great or small? He looked at poor old Gray, with his wrinkled, anxious face, and thought of his distress of mind. Only a few thousands—not three years' pay—had the veteran scraped and saved and stored away for his little girl, whose heart was aching with its first cruel sorrow—his work, his undoing, his curse, his greed for adulation, his reckless love of love. The morrow's battle, if it came, might leave her orphaned and alone, and poor as it was, a father's pitying sympathy could not be her help with the coming year. Would Gray mourn him if the fortune of war made him the victim? Would any one of those aversed faces look with pity and regret upon his stiffening form? Would there be any one on earth to whom his death would be a sorrow but Nina? Would it even be a blow to her? She loved him wildly, he knew that, but would she were she to dream the truth? He knew her nature well. He knew how quickly such burning love could turn to fiercest hate when convinced that the object was utterly untrue. He had said nothing to her of the photograph, nothing at all of Alice, except to protest time and again that his attentions to her were solely to win the good will of the colonel's family and of the colonel himself, so that he might be proof against the machinations of his foes. And yet had he not that very night on which he crossed the stream and let her peril her name and honor for one stolen interview—had he not gone to her exultant welcome with a traitorous knowledge gnawing at his heart? That very night, before they parted at the colonel's door, had he not lied to Alice Renwick, had he not denied the story of his devotion to Miss Beaubien, and was not his practiced eye watching eagerly the beautiful dark face for one sign that the news was welcome and so precipitate the avowal trembling on his lips that it was her he madly loved—not Nina? Though she hurriedly bade him good night, though she was unprepared for any such announcement, he well knew that Alice Renwick's heart fluttered at the earnestness of his manner, and that he had indicated far more than he had said.

Fear, not love, had drawn him to Nina Beaubien that night, and hope had centered on her more beautiful rival when the discoveries of the night involved him in the first trembling symptoms of the downfall to come. And he was to have spent the morning with her, the woman to whom he had lied in word, while she to whom he had lied in word and deed was going from him, not to return until the German, and even then he planned treachery. He meant to lead with Alice Renwick and claim that it must be with the colonel's daughter because the ladies of the garrison were the givers. Then he knew Nina would not come at all and possibly might quarrel with him on that ground. What could have been an easier solution of his troubous predicament? She would break their secret engagement; he would refuse all reconciliation and be free to devote himself to Alice. But all these grave complications had arisen. Alice would not come. Nina wrote demanding that he should lead with her and that he should meet her at St. Croix, and then came the crash. He owed his safety to her self sacrifice and now must give up all hope of Alice Renwick. He had accepted the announcement of their engagement. He could not do less after all that had happened and the painful scene at their parting. And yet would it not be a blessing to her if he were killed? Even now in his self abnegation and misery he did not fully realize how mean he was—how mean he seemed to others. He resented in his heart what Sloat had said of him but the day before, little caring whether he heard it or not: "It would be a mercy to that poor girl if Jerrold were killed. He will break her heart with neglect or drive her mad with jealousy inside of a year." But the regiment seemed to agree with Stolt.

And so in all that little band of comrades he could call no man friend. One after another he looked upon the unconscious faces, cold and averted in the oblivion of sleep, but not more cold, not more distrustful, than when he had vaguely sought among them one relenting glance in the early moonlight that batteye in bivouac. He threw his arms upward, shook his head, with hopeless gesture, then buried his face in the sleeves of his rough campaign overcoat and strode blindly from their midst.

Early in the morning, an hour before daybreak, the shivering outpost, crouching in a hollow to the southward, catch sight of two dim figures shooting suddenly up over a distant ridge—horsemen they know at a glance—and these two come loping down the moonlit trail over which two nights before had marched the cavalry speeding to the rescue, over which in an hour the regiment itself must be on the move. Old campaigners are two of the picket, and they have been especially cautioned to be on the lookout for couriers coming back along the trail. They spring to their feet, in readiness to welcome or repel, as the sentry rings out his sharp and sudden challenge.

"Couriers from the corral," is the jubilant answer. "This Colonel Maynard's outfit?"

"Aye, aye, sonny," is the unilitary but characteristic answer. "What's your news?"

"Got there in time and saved what's left of 'em, but it's a hell hole, and you fellows are wanted quick as you can come—30 miles ahead. Where's the colonel?"

The corporal of the guard goes back to the bivouac, leading the two arrivals. One is a scout, a plainsman born and bred, the other a sergeant of cavalry. They dismount in the timber and picket their horses, then follow on foot the lead of their companion of the guard. While the corporal and the scout proceed to the wagon fly and fumble at the opening, the tall sergeant stands silently a little distance in their rear, and the occupants of a neighboring shelter—the counterpart of the colonel's—begin to stir, as though their light slumber had been broken by the smothered sound of footsteps. One of them sits up and peers out at the front, gazing earnestly at the tall figure standing easily there in the flickering light. Then he hails in low tones:

"That you, Mr. Jerrold? What is the matter?"

And the tall figure faces promptly toward the halting voice. The spurred heels come together with a click, the gauntleted hand rises in soldierly salute to the broad brim of the scouting hat,

and a deep voice answers respectfully: "It is not Mr. Jerrold, sir. It is Sergeant McLeod.—th cavalry, just in with dispatches."

Armitage springs to his feet, sheds his shell of blankets and steps forth into the glade, with his eyes fixed eagerly on the shadowy form in front. He peers under the broad brim, as though striv- ing to see the eyes and features of the tall dragoon.

(To be Continued next Friday.)

SAD SCENE AT AN AUCTION.

Which Was Followed by Gleeful Chuckles a Few Hours Later.

"Who bids?"

The auctioneer held up a child's rocking horse, battered and stained. It had belonged to some little member of the man's family whose household property was being sold under the hammer.

He was utterly ruined. He had given up everything in the world to his creditors—house, furniture, horses, stock of goods and lands. He stood among the crowd watching the sale that was scattering his household goods and his heirlooms among a hundred strange hands.

On his arm leaned a woman, heavily veiled.

"Who bids?"

The auctioneer held the rocking horse high, that it might be seen. Childish hands had torn away the scanty mane; the bridle was twisted and worn by tender little fingers. The crowd was still.

The woman under the heavy veil sobbed and stretched out her hands.

"No, no, no!" she cried.

The man's face was white with emotion. The little form that once so merrily rode the old rocking horse had drifted away into the world years ago. This was the only relic left of his happy infancy.

The auctioneer, with a queer moisture in his eyes, handed the rocking horse to the man without a word. He seized it with eager hands, and he and the veiled woman hurried away.

The crowd murmured with sympathy.

The man and the woman went into an empty room and set the rocking horse down. He took out his knife, ripped open the front of the horse and took out a roll of bills. He counted them and said:

"It's a cold day when I fail without a rake off. Eight thousand five hundred dollars, but that auctioneer came very near busting up the game."—Houston Post.

A STARVED MIND.

Why a Girl Shook Her Head When Dickens Was Mentioned.

It is a fact that the children who have had in abundance the old nursery tales, who have worn out numerous copies of "Mother Goose," to whom Christmas and birthdays mean new books of rhyme and story, being led thence by gradual steps to the uplands of history, poetry and romance, seldom go down before the malignancy of the "blood and thunder" so freely offered them. It is the starved childhood that sizes and feeds upon these.

A girl of 12 years old had occasion to call at the home of a lady who had befriended her. Scattered about the floor of the sitting room were the books of a small nephew, among them a copy of "Little Red Riding Hood." Her life, barren and hard, had known nothing of literature save her few schoolbooks. She picked up the volume and was soon absorbed in the story. When the lady came in, she extended it to her, saying eagerly, "Is it true?"

It was her first step in the realm of enchantment, but it came too late. She had experienced the real. It was hard, bitter. The same girl a few years later awaited her turn at the library, and begged the attendant to choose for her. The lady hesitated, then extending a volume by Dickens said, "Will you have this?" She shook her head, saying: "I tried to read one of his once. He writes of rags and poverty and hard times. Give me something livelier, please."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Mrs. McSwat's Husband's Suggestion.

"The Woman's club is going to discuss parliamentary law tomorrow evening, Billiger," remarked Mrs. McSwat, "and I don't think I shall go. I don't take any interest in it."

"Parliamentary law, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat magisterially, "is something you can't know too much about. You ought to familiarize yourself thoroughly with its usages. A clear understanding of parliamentary law," he went on, warming with his subject, "would be useful in all the relations of life. If I were asked to name one self reliance to character, assist in solving the problems that arise from day to day, and make the burden of life less"—

"Now, what is the use of your going on like that, Billiger?" interrupted Mrs. McSwat. "What good would it do me to study parliamentary law, I'd like to know?"

"You would learn not to talk when you are not in order," replied Billiger, burying himself in his newspaper again.

And Mrs. McSwat went out to the kitchen and talked in a loud and expostulatory tone of voice to Bridget for the next 15 minutes.—Chicago Tribune.

Wouldn't Need It.

The Syracuse Standard tells of an amusing correspondence that recently took place between a Wisconsin farmer and a local boiler firm. The farmer wrote as follows:

DEAR SIRS—I have a 1,000 acres of trees that I want cut. I'm poor but I'm willing to pay too hundred dollars for an engin that will do my work.

The boiler firm saw that the engine necessary to accomplish the devastation of his virgin forest would cost \$3,000, and they informed him to this effect.

A week passed and then the following pithy epistle came from the Wisconsin woods:

DEAR SIRS—What in h—l would I want of an engin or boiler if I had \$3,000?

Swings Clubs for Charity.

ABOUT two years ago Miss Rita Mylotte, a charming young girl of Oakland, Cal., being in poor health, was advised by her physician to go in for athletic exercise as a means of building up her condition. Miss Mylotte obeyed the medical man, and among other things took to Indian clubs. Within a month or two she became exceptionally clever, and soon gathered about her a class of children whose parents were too poor to purchase the necessary apparatus. Miss Mylotte keeps up her work with the clubs regularly, and has for some time been able to do most of the tricks affected by professionals. The promoters of a charitable entertainment finally induced her to appear in public,

and since then no such affair is regarded by Oaklanders as complete unless Miss Rita furnishes one of the numbers.

In speaking recently of her favorite exercise the clever young athlete said:

"Club swinging I regard as the best of all exercises in this line, because almost anyone can practice it. There is no costly apparatus to pay for, and all the exercise that is wanted can be taken in one's room in arising in the morning or just before retiring. I would not advise too long a practice at a time to beginners, for the exercise brings every muscle in the body into play, and one feels the effect after a few minutes. Many young women of my acquaintance swing clubs now, and I am sure that if girls knew the benefits to be derived they would soon secure clubs. The limbs are soon developed from a state of weakness and deficiency to one of strength and fullness, and the whole body feels the change a few lessons will bring. There is also a fascination that grows on one as she becomes proficient, and shortly exertion or strain is rarely felt."

Weakness of the Womanish Man.

"Womanish" men are, after all, a very small proportion of the male population. But men who are afflicted with this weakness sometimes carry their foibles to extraordinary lengths.

A certain commercial traveler—a capable business man—has one little vanity. He always carries a small pocket mirror, and from time to time, particularly when traveling by train, he refreshes himself with a glance at his handsome features. When anyone is in the car with him he secretes the looking-glass inside the book or newspaper which he pretends to be reading. A London sojourner, popular as a society man, some seasons since hit upon the appearance-improving expedient of having his hair "waved." The experiment was a great success, and at his evening engagements he ever after adopted it. But he has not the courage to face his clerks and clients with curly locks. And so, on his return from a festive evening, he spends an hour or so dampening his hair and laboriously brushing it out straight again.

A Helpful Hint.

Every quick-witted woman will appreciate the following: Pass round the thumb end of one skein, which encircles the palm of the hand and slip the opposite end on the first finger.

How to Wind a Skein.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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